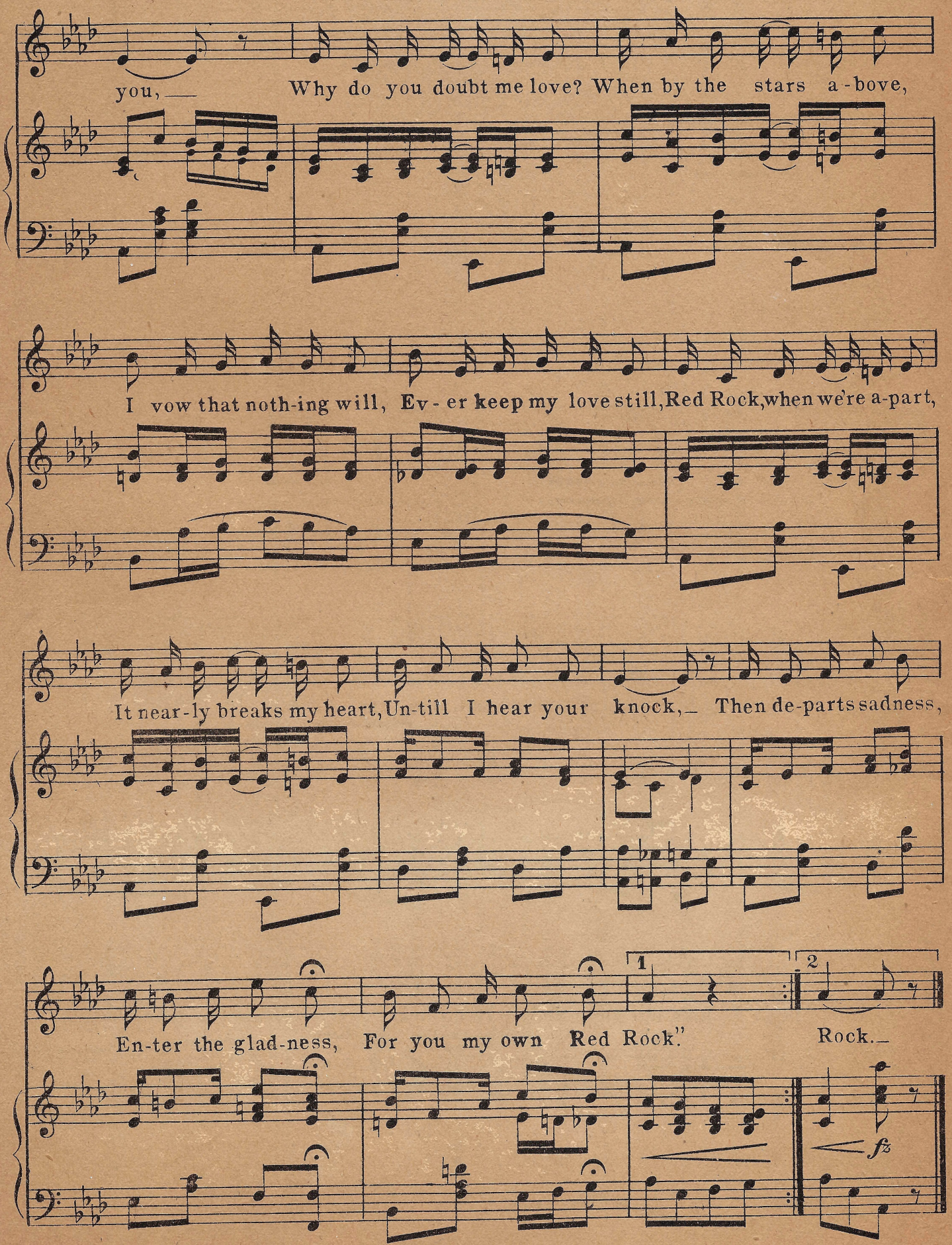
you, — Why do you doubt me love? When by the stars a-bove,
I vow that noth-ing will, Ev-er keep my love still, Red Rock, when we're a-part,
It near-ly breaks my heart, Un-till I hear your knock, — Then de-parts sadness,
En-ter the glad-ness, For you my own Red Rock." Rock.—
1
2
fz